



Slender: The Eight Pages (short novel)



59 9 6

Chapter 1 by MichaelK

She was running as fast as he only could. He had only a flashlight and a camera. He needed a flashlight to view the road in the darkness, and the camera's function was to capture herself if something goes bad.

It was a dark night. The sky was too cloudy to even see the stars. There were tall trees, too. It was a forest near her house.

Why is she in the forest? She met Him in the house.

"HE IS HERE" - heard she in head when sitting and scratching the notes.

"No, No, No!" - screamed she and turned her head back.

There was a tall and thin shadow in her room. When clouds moved, and the moonlight came inside the room, she saw that this was an extremely tall man in a classic suit. His face... There was no face. Only shades of eyes and nose, just like folds on a white sheet.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



She fell asleep, because of eating oh so much fatty bacon.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



When she awoke, her legs were missing from the kneecaps down, and a small puppet was shaving the back of her neck with a straight razor.

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Chapter 4 by intellikat



"My god!" she thought. "Is
Women's Studies-- just to be de-limbed by some pop cultural horror icon with god's knows

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what else in store--"

Suddenly, the small puppet nicked her accidentally with the blade and she gave a little yelp.

"Oh, sorry," said the puppet. "This is harder than you might imagine."

"Well, why don't you just cut that shit out?" she snapped back. "You've taken my legs... what else have you in store or me?"

"Bacon," replied the puppet. "It's all about the fatty bacon."

Through a steel door strode Slender. In one hand he held a gleaming carving knife, and in the other: a Bible.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



"Let me quote Jezriel 42:11," spoke the puppet as Slender opened the Bible.

"There's no such book in the Bible," said the girl.

"Hush now," said the puppet. "Hush." It began to read from the open Bible in Slender's hand. "In those days, the hunger for fatty bacon shalt be immense, and none shalt be able to quencheth the unholy hunger. Though many shalt try, they shalt not be able to doth so. And so, fatty bacon shalt be found in the flesh of the youth of the land. Thou wilt eat thine own to satisfy the needs of the many. The needs of the many shalt outweigh the needs of the few, and the fatty bacon shalt dwelleth in the hearts, minds, and belly-eths of the people. Shalom."

"You made that up," said the girl.

Suddenly, a band of unholy figures entered the room: R, Elden Rozy, Inferno, and SaintSayaka.

"We may condemn others to death for our loves, but at least we commit no sacrilege against the lairds of breakfast," spake R.

"Stealing on the pad, slipping into the dark, with the... throat, I charned Elden Rozy..."

"Let her die," drawled R.

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